
In Recital

JANET TONIN, soprano

assisted by

ROGER ADMIRAAL, piano

with

ANTHONY BERNHARDT, accordion

KAREN NOEL-BENTLEY, clarinet

CHRIS HELMAN, saxophones

RUSSELL WHITEHEAD, trumpet

JOHN TAYLOR, bass

CHRIS BROWN, percussion

Saturday, February 8, 1992 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

PROGRAM

From *Sei Ariette*

Maliconia, Ninfa gentile
Almen se non poss'io
Ma rendi pur contento
Per pietà, bell' idol mio

Vicenzo Bellini
(1801-1835)

Botschaft

Meine Liebe ist grun
Dein blaues Auge
Das Mädchen spricht
Von Ewiger Liebe
O liebliche Wangen

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Fiancalles Pour Rire

La Dame Andre
Dans l'herbe
Il vole
Mon cadavre est doux come up gant
Violon
Fleurs

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

INTERMISSION

Ouverture from *Die Dreigroschenoper*
Lied von der Unzulänglichkeit Menschlichen strebens
Je ne t'aime pas
Moon of Alabama
I'm a Stranger Here Myself
Interlude - Moritat vom Mackie Messer
Nanna's Lied
Le Roi d'Aquitaine
Das Lied von den braunen Inseln
Surabaya Johnny

Kurt Weill
(1900-1950)

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Master of Music degree for Ms Tonin.

Texts and Translations

From *Sei Ariette*

Malinconia, Ninfa gentile
Melancholy, kind nymph, I dedicate my life to
you.

He who thinks nothing of your pleasures, is
not meant for true pleasures.
I asked the gods for springs and hillsides;
they heard me at last, so contented I'll live.
Never will my desires exceed that spring or
that hillside.

Almen se non poss'io

At least, if I am unable to follow my beloved
sweetheart, affections of my heart, you
follow her for me. Already close to her, love
brings you together. And this, for you, is not
an unusual path.

**Ma rendi pur contento - But you bring
happiness**

But you bring happiness to my beautiful
lady's heart. And I forgive you, love, if happy
mine (mine) is not. I fear for her troubles
more than I fear for my own, because I live
more for her than I live for myself. (I live for
myself.)

**Per pietà, bell' idol mio - Out of piety, my
lovely idol**

For pity's sake, my lovely idol, tell me not
that I am ungrateful; the heavens render me
unhappy and wretched enough. If I am
faithful to you, if I am consumed by your
beautiful lights, love knows, the gods know,
my heart knows, you heart knows. (My heart
knows and your heart knows.)

Botschaft - Message

Breeze, blow softly and sweetly
around my darling's cheek;
play gently with her locks,
do not hasten to fly on!

If then perhaps she asks
how it is with me in my misery,
say: "His pain was unceasing,
his plight very grave.

But how he can hope
to revive splendidly,
for you, gracious one,
are thinking of him."

Meine Liebe is grün - My love is green
My love is green as the lilac bush,
and my beloved is beautiful as the sun,
which shines right down on the lilac bush,
and fills it with scent and with joy.

My soul has wings of the nightingale
and cradels itself in the blooming lilac,
and rejoices and sings of fragrance drunk
(and intoxicated with fragrance
rejoices and sings)
many love-drunk songs.

Dein blaues Auge - Your blue eyes
Your blue eyes are so still,
I can see into the depths;
you ask me what I want to see?
I see myself recovering.

I was burnt by a pair of blazing eyes,
the after-effects still give me pain'
your are as clear as water,
and as cool as a lake.

Das Mädchen spricht - The girl speaks
Swallow, tell me,
is it your former husband
with whom you have built this nest?
Or have you only recently
Entrusted yourself to him?

Tell me what you both twitter about,
tell me what you whisper about
so intimately in the mornings?
You too, I think, are surely still a new bride.

Von ewiger Liebe - On everlasting love
Dark, how dark it is in the woods and fields!
It is already evening, now the world is
silent.

There is no more light anywhere and no more
light anywhere and no more smoke,
and even the lark, it too is now silent.

Out of the village comes the youth;
he is seeing his sweetheart home.
He leads her past the willo copse,
talking so much and so many things

"If you are suffering shame and affliction,
if you are suffering shame from others
because of me,
let our love be severed as swiftly,
as quickly as we were earlier joined;
go with the rain and go with the wind,
as quickly as we were earlier joined."

Up speaks the girl, the maiden says:
"Our love is not to be severed!
Steel and iron are firm indeed,
our love is even firmer.

Iron and steel can be reforged;
who can change our love?
Iron and steel can melt away;
our love must last for ever!"

O liebliche Wangen - Oh lovely cheeks
Oh lovely cheeks,
you make me desire,
this red, this white
to look at with eagerness.
And this solely alone
is it not, what I mean;
to look at, to greet
to touch, to kiss!
you make me desire,
oh lovely cheeks!

Oh sun of joy!
Oh joy of the sun!
Oh eyes, which drain
the light of my eyes.
Oh angelic thoughts!

Oh heavenly beginning!
Oh heaven on earth!
May you me not be,
oh sun of the joy!

Oh most beautiful of the beauties!
Take from me this longing,
come hurry, come, come,
you sweet, you gentle one!
Ah sister, I die,
I die, I perish,
come, come, come hurry,
take from me this longing,
oh most beautiful of the beauties.

Francailles Pour Rire - Whimsical Betrothal
La Dame Andre - André's lady
André does not know the lady
whom he took by the hand today.
Has she a heart for the tomorrows,
and for the evening has she a soul?

On returning from a country ball
did she go in her flowing dress
to seek in the haystacks the ring
for the random betrothal?

Was she afraid, when night fell,
haunted by the ghosts of the past,
in her garden, when winter
entered by the wide avenue?

He loved her for her colour,
for her Sunday good humour.
Will she fade on the white leaves
of his album of better days?

Dans l'herbe - In the grass
I can say nothing more
nor do anything for him.
He died for his beautiful one
he died a beautiful death
outside
under the tree of the law
in deep silence
in open countryside
in the grass.

He died unnoticed
crying out in his passing
calling
calling me.

But as I was far from him
and because his voice no longer
carried
he died alone in the woods
beneath the tree of his childhood.
And I can say nothing more
nor do anything for him.

Il vole - He flies

As the sun is setting
it is reflected in the polished surface of
my table
it is the round cheese of the fable
in the beak of my silver scissors.

But where is the crow? It flies.

I should like to sew but a magnet
attracts all my needles.
On the square the skittle players
pass the time with game after game.

But where is my lover? He flies.

I have a thief for lover,
the crow flies and my lover steals,
the thief of my heart breaks his word
and the thief of the cheese is not here.

But where is happiness? It flies.

I weep under the weeping willow
I mingle my tears with its leaves.
I weep because I want to be desired
and I am not pleasing to my thief.

But where then is love? It flies.

Find the rhyme for my lack of reason
and by the roads of the countryside
bring me back my flighty lover
who takes hearts and drives me mad.

I wish that my thief would steal me.

Mon cadavre est doux come un grant - My
corpse is as limp as a glove
My corpse is as limp as a glove
limp as a glove of glacé kid
and my two white pebbles of my eyes.

Two white pebbles in my face
two mutes in the silence
still shadowed by a secret
and heavy with the burden of things seen.

My fingers so often straying
are joined in a saintly pose
resting on the hollow of my groans
at the entre of my arrested heart.

And my two feet are the montains
the last two hills I saw
at the moment when I lost
the race that the years win.

I still resemble myself
children bear away the memory quickly,
go, go, my life is done.
My corpse is as limp as a glove.

Violon - Violin

Enamoured couple with the misprized accents
the violin and its player please me.
ah! I love these wailings long drawn out
on the cord of easiness.
In chords on the cords of the hanged.
at the hour when the Law are silent
the heart, formed like a strawberry,
offers itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Fleurs - Flowers

Promised flowers, flowers held in your
arms,
flowers sprung from the parenthesis^a of a
step
who brought you these flowers in winter
powdered with the sand of the seas?
Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves
the beautiful eyes are ashes and in the
fireplace
a heart beribboned with sighs
burns with its treasured pictures.

**Das Lied von der Unzulänglichkeit
Menschlichen Strebens - Song about the
inadequacy of Human Aspiration**

Man lives by his wits
But his wits are not enough to see him
through.

Just see for yourself, your wits
could barely keep a fly alive.

For in this life

Man is just not sly enough
He never even notices
The cruel deceit and bluff.

So make your plans

To be a big star!

And make your back-up plan.

But you'll see, neither of them will take you
far.

For in this life.

Man is just not mean enough.
Yet his higher aspiration
is a good trait.

So just pursue your luck.

But don't you run too fast!

For luck is chased by one and all

While it quietly comes in last.

For in this life,

Man is not modest enough.
So all his aspiration
is nothing more than self-deception.

Man is just no good

So beat him over the head.

Perhaps he'll finally learn

After you've beaten him over the head.

For in this life,

Man is just not good enough.
That's why you simply have to
Beat him over the head.

**Je Ne T'aime Pas - I Don't Love You
(Maurice Magre)**

Take away your hand. I don't love you, for
its what you wanted—you're just a fried.

Your embracing arms, your dear kiss, your
sleeping head are all for others. When it's
evening, don't speak to me intimately with
that low voice. And above all, don't give

me your handkerchief. It holds too much
of the perfume I adore. Tell me of your
loves—I don't love you—of our most
seductive hour—I don't love you. And if the
other one loved you or was ungrateful, don't
be charming when you tell; I don't love you.

I didn't cry, I didn't suffer, for it was just a
dream, a folly. It's enough for me that your
eyes are clear without regret of that evening
or melancholy; it's enough to see our
happiness, your smile. Tell me how you
your heart was captured, tell me even the
unspeakable. No be quiet. I'm on my knees,
the fire has died, the door's closed
too. I don't love you. Don't ask anything, I'm
crying, that's all. I don't love you, my
beloved. Take away your hand, I don't love
you.

**Moon of Alabama from *Aufstieg und Fall der
Stadt Mahagonny* (Bertolt Brecht)**

Oh show us the way to the next whisky bar
Oh don't ask why, oh don't ask why
For we must find the next whisky bar
I tell you we must die! I tell you we must die

Oh Moon of Alabama we now must say
goodbye
We've lost our good old mamma and must
have whisky on you know why.

Oh show us the way to the next little Dollar
Oh don't ask why, Oh don't ask why.
For we must find the next little Dollar, for if
we don't find the next little Dollar.
I tell you we must die, I tell you we must die.

Oh Moon of Alabama we now must say
goodbye
We've lost our good old mamma and must
have whisky oh you know why.

I'm A Stranger Here Myself

Tell me, is love still a popular suggestion.
Or merely an obsolete art?
Forgive me for asking this simple question,
I'm unfamiliar with his heart.
I'm a stranger here myself.

Why is it wrong to murmur I adore him
When it's shamefully obvious I do?
Does love embarrass him or does it bore him?
I'm only waiting for my cue.
I'm a stranger here myself.

I dream of a day, a gay warm day,
With my face between his hand;
I have missed the path, have I gone astray?
I ask, and no one understands.

Love me or leave me, that seems to be the
question.
I don't know the tactics to use,
But if he should offer a personal suggestion.
How could I possibly refuse,
When I'm a stranger here myself?

Please tell me, tell a stranger,
By curiosity goaded.
Is there really any danger
That love is now outmoded?
I'm interested especially
in knowing why you waste it,
True romance is so fleshly—
With what have you replaced it?
What is your latest foible?
Is gin rummy more exquisite?
Is skiing more enjoyable?
For heaven's sake, what is it?

I can't believe that love has lost its
glamour.
That passion is really passé;
If gender is just a word in grammar
How can I ever find my way.
When I'm a stranger here myself?

How can he ignore my available condition?
why these Victorian views?
You see here before you a woman with a
mission.

I must discover the key to his ignition.
Then if he should make a diplomatic
proposition.
How could I possibly refuse.
When I'm a stranger here myself?

Nanna's Lied - Nanna's Song

Gentlemen, I was only seventeen when I
landed on the love market. And I learned a lot
of things—most badly, but that was the
game. Still I resented much of it. (After all, I
am a human being.)
thank God, it all goes by quickly—both the
love and sorrow. Where are the tears of last
night? Where are the snow of years gone
by?

As the years go by, it gets easier on the love
market—easier to embrace a whole troop
there. But it's amazing how your feeling cool
off when you're stingy with them. (After all,
everything gets used up eventually.) Thank
God it all goes by quickly—both the love and
sorrow. Where
are the tears of last night? Where are the
snows of years gone by?

And although you learn the tricks of the trade
on the love market, it's never easy to convert
lust into small change. Still it can be done,
but meanwhile you get a little older. (After all,
you can't stay seventeen forever.) Thank God
it all goes by quickly—both the love and
sorrow. Where are the tears of last night?
Where are the snows of years gone by?

Le roi D'Aquitaine - The King of Aquitaine

A grey duck
a blue duck
a white duck
The grey one walks behind
And the blue one walks in front.
The white one is the biggest

I'll get twenty francs for him.
The blue one is the smallest
I'll get six francs for him.
If the King of Aquitaine
comes to the market
to serve the Queen
he'll send for me,
the King of Aquitaine
will take my hand.
Tough luck for the Queen,
tomorrow.

A grey prince
a blue prince
a white prince....
The white one has rubies
and the blue one has diamonds
The grey one has his crown
and his sword by his side.
The blue one likes me the best
and I like the white one the best.
If the King of Aquitaine
will take me by the hand.
Tough luck for the Queen,
tomorrow.

Das Lied von den Braunen Inseln
- Song of the Brown Islands (From Lion
Feuchtwanger's "The Oil Islands")
This is the song of the Brown Islands. The
men are evil and women sick. A lady-ape
does business there, and the fields are
withering in the stench of oil.

Are you going there, Freddy? Not me, Teddy.
The dollar alone won't make me happy. Are
you going there, Freddy? Not me, Teddy. If I
want to see apes, I'll go to the zoo.

Those who go there are healthy, but those
who leave have lost their guts. The lady-ape
rules in bed and in the factory too. She has
money, and she's always right. The menfolk
do as they're told, both in bed and in the
factory.

Are you going there, Freddy? Not me, Teddy.
The dollar alone won't make me happy. Are
you going there, Freddy? Not me, Teddy. If I
want to see apes, I'll go to the zoo.

Petroleum stinks and the island stinks. It
stinks of yellow and black men. But the dollar
doesn't stink, because oil brings cash and
nobody can compete with the lady-ape.

Are you going theeeere, Freddy? Not me,
Teddy. The dollar alone won't make me
happy. Are you going there, Freddy? Not me,
Teddy. If I want to see apes, I'll go to the
zoo.

Surabaya-Johnny
(From *Happy End*)
God, was I young,
Just sixteen years old
when you came here from Burma
And told me I should go with you.
That everything would be fine.
I asked you about your job,
I can still hear your reply—
You said you worked for the railroad
And had nothing to do with the sea.

You said lots of things, Johnny.
Not a word was true, Johnny.
You lied to me
From the moment we met.
I hate you so, Johnny,
I hate how you stand there and grin.
Take that pipe out of your mouth, you rat!

Surabaya Johnny
Why are you such a heel?
Surabaya Johnny
My god, and I love you so!
Surabaya Johnny,
Why aren't I happy?
You have no heart, Johnny,
Yet I love you so!

At first every day used to be Sunday,
That is, as long as I went along with you.
But then, after just two weeks.
For you, nothing I did was right.
Up and down the Punjab
Along the river and out to the sea.
I already look like a forty-year-old
When I look at myself in the mirror.
It wasn't love you were after, Johnny.
All you wanted was cash.
But all I ever saw
Was your mouth.
You demanded everything, Johnny,
I gave you much more.
Take that pipe out of your mouth, you rat!

Surabaya Johnny
Why are you such a heel?
Surabaya Johnny
My God, and I love you so!
Surabaya Johnny,
Why do I feel so low?
You have no heart, Johnny,
And yet I love you so!

I never thought of asking
Why you have that peculiar name—
But all along the coast
You were a familiar guest.
One morning in a six-cent flea-bag
I'll be listening to the roaring sea
And you'll leave without a word
To take that ship waiting down at the quay.
You have no heart, Johnny,
You're just a heel, Johnny.
You're leaving me now Johnny,
But won't be tell me why!
I still love you, Johnny,
Like the first day we met.
Take that pipe out of your mouth, you rat!

Surabaya Johnny.
why are you such a heel?
Surabaya Johnny.
My God, but I still love you so!
Surabaya Johnny,
Why am I feeling so low?
You have no heart, Johnny,
And yet, I love you so!

Reception to follow in Arts Building Lounge.

A very special thank you to: Professor Harold Wiens, Dr Christopher Lewis, Brenda Dalen, Ray Wyshynsky, Lino and Evan Tonin, Ian and Billy MacDonald, Dr Leonard Ratzlaff, the Department of Music, Will Zaichkowski, Phillip Ens, Garth Hobden, Julie Golosky, Sally Fox, Shanon Mitchell, Laurie, Roger Admiraal, Scott Godin and "The Band"—for all your help and support!!!!

Janet gratefully acknowledges the financial support of The Johann Strauss Foundation, The Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research, Alberta Culture and the Bank of Tonin.

